

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1996

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes technique et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modifications dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de
la marge intérieure.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restorations may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines
pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration
apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était
possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:</p> | <p><input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages / Pages de couleur</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged / Pages endommagées</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached / Pages détachées</p> <p><input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough / Transparence</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image / Les pages
totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un
feuilleton d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées
à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure
image possible.</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Opposing pages with varying colouration or
discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the
best possible image / Les pages s'opposant
ayant des colorations variables ou des décol-
orations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la
meilleure image possible.</p> |
|--|---|

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

↓

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

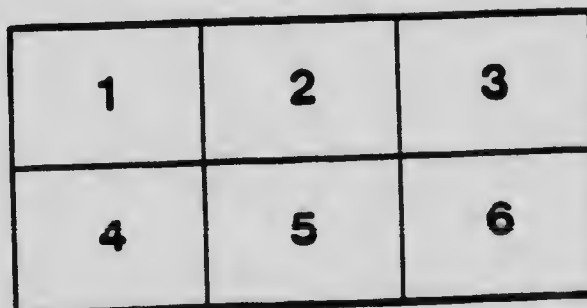
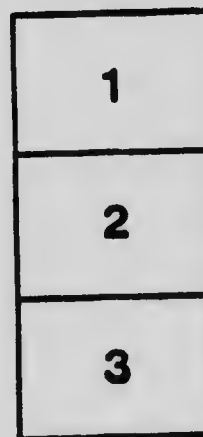
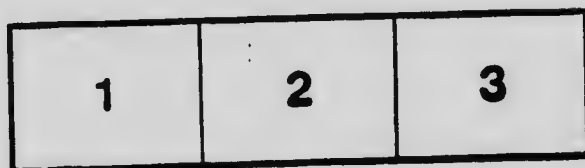
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

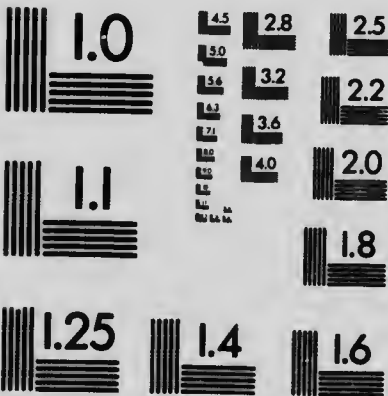
Les exemplaires originaux dont le couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

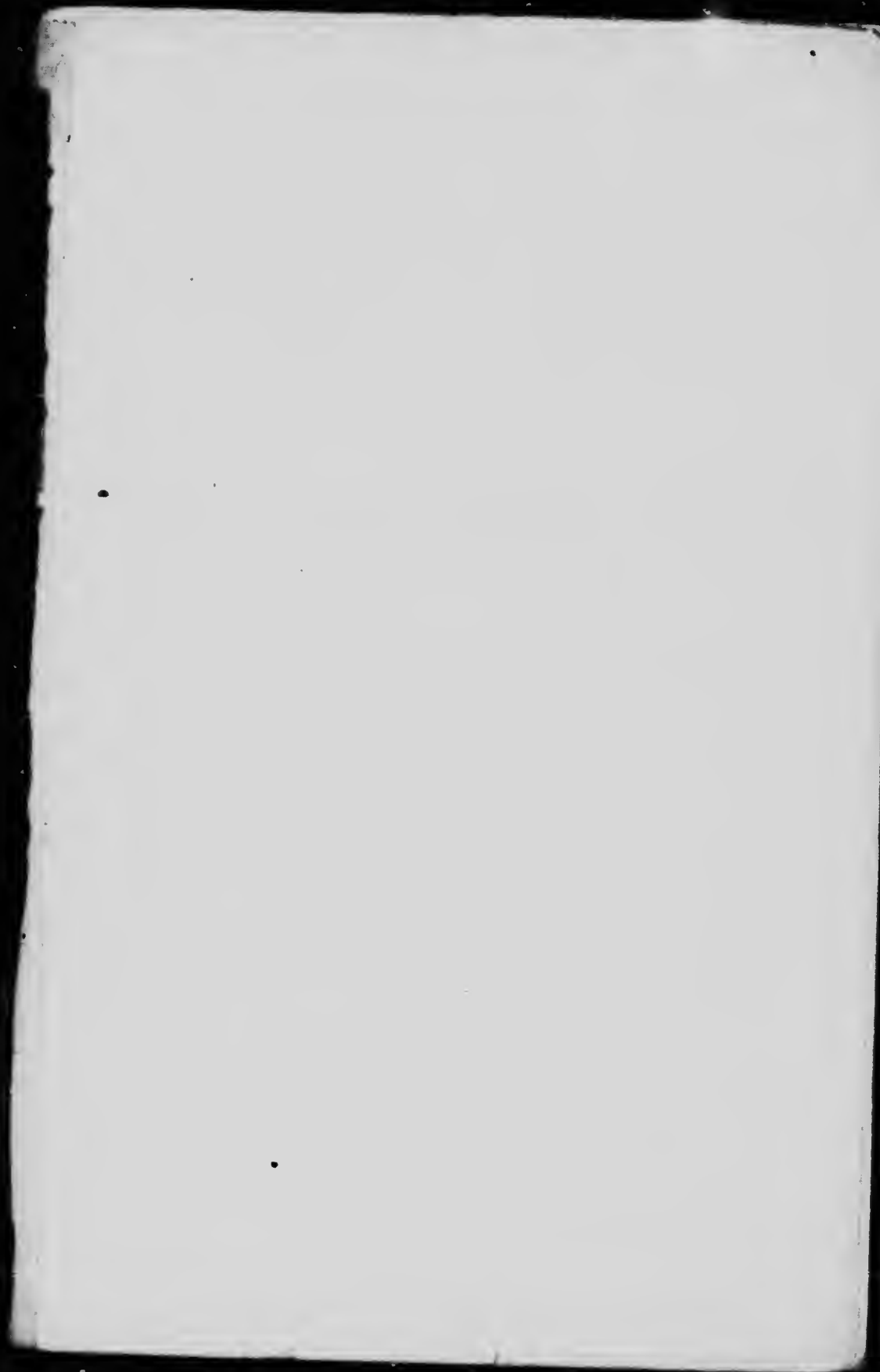
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

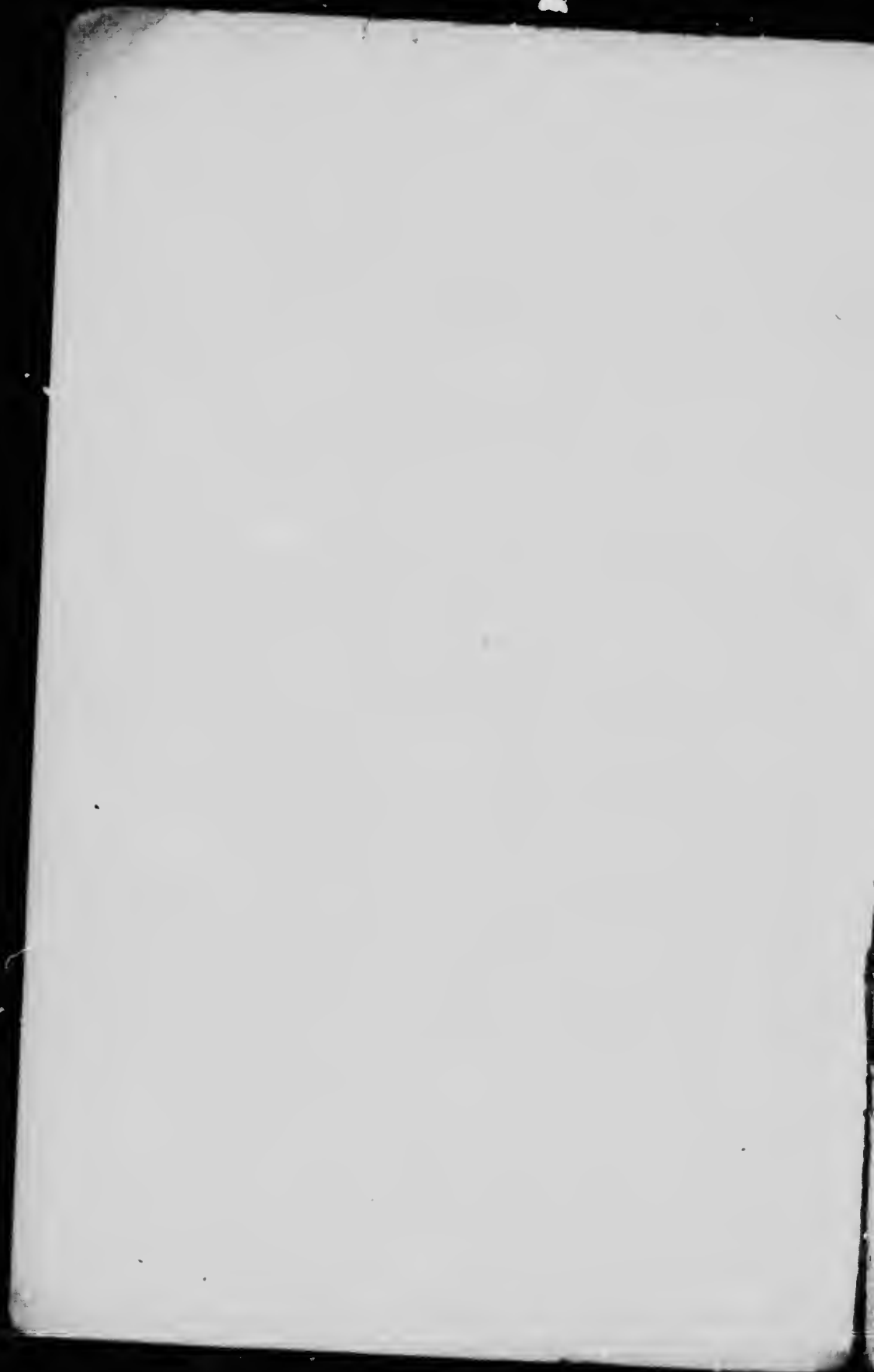
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phans
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax





The
Message
of an
Indian
Relic

By
Rev. Dr. J. P. D. Llwyd

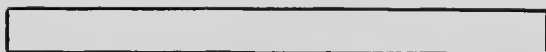
Copyright 1909
Lowman & Hanford Co.
SEATTLE



E98

T68

L69



ACKNOWLEDGMENT is hereby
made to the Smithsonian Trustees for
use of illustrations and material from their
reports :: :: :: :: :: :: ::





Hoorte
(The Bear)

Tedn skillik
hat worn by Chiefs

Hooyah or
yaah the Crow

Koong
The new moon

Hasi
The wedge

Hi tads dah
*the mother of the
Kaidah Anis and
Samson Legend*

Stois the pair
*were in the
under lip*

Keetkie
*The young
Crow*

Taching
*or
Tichung the bear
- tooth -*

Keote
The lip

Door or
*entrance to the
ledge*

The Message

of an Indian Relic

In the centre of one of the main thoroughfares of the City of Seattle stands a very peculiar and interesting object. It is so curious and so striking that the eye of a guest or newcomer no sooner falls upon it than his gaze is riveted and his mind quickened into wondering attention. The object in question is a wooden pillar, something like the trunk of a tree peeled of its bark and set upright in the square. The front is covered with sculptures of birds and animals, carved in crude and often grotesque fashion and painted in a variety of startling colors. The column occupies a position so conspicuous, and is so unique a mark for the eye, that strangers rarely fail to pause to examine it more closely, and many are the inquiries as to its nature, or the opinions uttered by the uninformed.

"An old Indian idol," concludes some casual spectator, and goes on his way with a passing reflection upon the crude forms which religion wears among primitive races. But the reflection is hasty and the judgment would be unjust, for the column is not an idol and it has nothing whatever to do with religion.

"Hideous image," exclaims another, and censures the taste that placed it there. Ask a citizen what it is, and he will probably respond that it is an Indian relic—a totem pole stolen from a native graveyard in Southeastern Alaska by a party of excursionists, and presented by them to the city. Such information, however, contains more than a flavor of myth, for, while the first part of the statement relating to the character of the object is undoubtedly correct, it is not true that the pole was the spoil of a nocturnal burglary, nor that it was ravished from a graveyard by sacrilegious hands. The history of





its presence here is replete with the fascinations of romance, and perhaps the reader may spend an hour with profit in the effort to read the riddle and fathom the meaning of so striking an emblem.

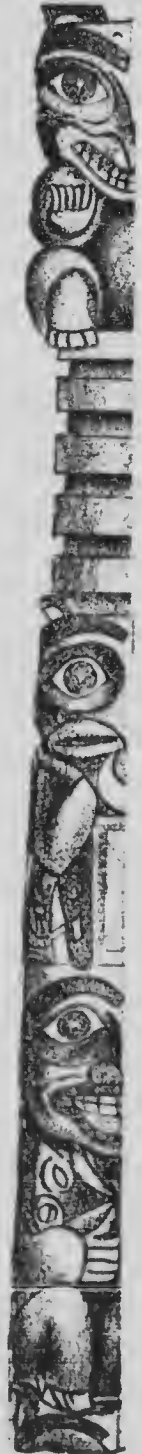
First, however, he must rid his mind of the delusion referred to that its transportation hither involved any wilful violation of human rights. It was brought here by a party of prominent citizens who were returning homewards on the steamer City of Seattle in the month of August, 1898, after an excursion along the inside passage to Alaska. Informed on good authority that the Indian village of Fort Tongass had been deserted by its inhabitants—a thing of frequent occurrence in that region—and that its relics were therefore the property of all the world, they went on shore when the boat arrived at the place in question, and brought away this pole. Later, when claimants appeared whose title to the possession of the article seemed to be well-founded, it was honorably purchased for presentation to the city and erected upon the site it occupies today. Any stories of theft or desecration are barnacles of myth and fable which have incrustated themselves around these simple facts to the obscuration of the truth.

The authentic history of the Seattle totem pole as given to the writer by its original owner is, as has been said, tinged with rare hues of romance and pathos. It strikes a note which makes the whole world kin, the note of home and affection. It suggests the thought that the root feelings of humanity are always and everywhere the same, in spite of distinctions of color, or race, or caste.

The Indians of Southeastern Alaska are among the most interesting varieties of the original inhabitants of this continent. Students of ethnology are not yet fully agreed as to their origin, although the weight of argument seems to support the view that they are a branch of the Asiatic peoples, and are near of kin to the Japanese, whose cast of

feature is strikingly reproduced, for instance, in the children seen by travelers in the Indian village at Sitka. Whatever the theory of their ancestry, their art, their language and their manners and customs entitle them to sincere attention. They have developed a higher degree of civilization than any native tribes in the region. They were the last of the coast tribes with whom the Russians came into contact, and were never subjugated by them. In 1804 Baranoff set upon a section of them and drove them out of their stronghold at Sitka, of which he took possession, but they were never fully vanquished.

They are divided into two great races, the Haidas and the Tlingits. The Haidas are island-folk, having their home in the group of islands known as the Queen Charlotte Islands and the Prince of Wales Island, whose geographical position is to the north of Vancouver Island. The first group is a British possession, while Prince of Wales Island is American territory. Up to fifty years ago the Haidas were the most powerful and warlike savages along the coast, pirates and freebooters, whose raids were the terror of the other aborigines from their ferocious cruelty. Their incursions onto the mainland left behind a waste of smoking villages and carcasses of unburied victims for the birds of prey to feast upon, while their homeward return was accompanied by the wailing of captives destined, some for slavery, others for sacrifice at the horrible orgies of banquets where it was whispered that cannibalism was a not infrequent feature of the devilish saturnalia. Even the whites feared them, and bloody lessons were necessary to reduce these sons of the forest and the seashore to submission. The heroism and self-denial of Christian missionaries who spent a lifetime among them was required to civilize them according to our standards, and nothing more than a personal visit is requisite to convince the mind of the valuable quality of their work. Throughout recent history the influence of Haida art and political organization has





overshadowed that of the races on the mainland, in spite of the difference in language.

The Tlingit territory is on the mainland and runs along the coast in a northwesterly direction from the boundary line to Yakutat Bay. It also includes the upper half of Prince of Wales Island, as well as the other islands to the immediate north. These, therefore, are the Indians to be found around such mining centres as Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway and the country around the Stickeen River. The race is at bottom one race, but broken up into half a dozen or more clans or septs, such as the Sitkas, Yakutats, Takus, Hoonahs, Stickeens, etc., all speaking dialects of one original tongue, and amidst much variety of detail preserving the substantial features of the same system of government.

To the north of the boundary line is a branch of this race called the Indians of Fort Tongass. Their clan appellation is the same as their geographical. Their village is situated at the head of a lovely bay running some distance inland from the main highway of navigation. The shore line makes a slight bend here, and along the crescent thus formed are arranged probably fifteen or twenty houses built of wood. They stand a little above the beach. In front are a great many of these totemic columns, which arrest the eye at once by their grotesque and yet artistic carving. In the midst of the houses stands that of the chieftain of the tribe, before whose residence once stood the totem pole of which we write.

In the middle of the last century, the wife of the then chief was an Indian princess named Shawat.* She belonged to one of the most famous families on the coast. Her father was the hereditary chief of the Skeena tribe,

* Note.—According to her grandson, Mr. George Hunt, of Fort Rupert, B. C., her maiden name was Destiten, or "Shining Face of Copper." After her marriage her name was Yandan, or "Great Whale." After her first child was born she received a third name, Shawat Ankawa, or "Chief Over All Chief Women." Her father's name was Tshadatsta, or "Everybody Looks Up to Him."

whose habitat was close to the river of the same name. He bore a name as remarkable in Indian history as that of Pharaoh in Egyptian—the name of a dynasty of chiefs who had ruled the tribe for generations. This name was Shakes. It was a sort of patent of nobility, identified with many mighty deeds, and honored far and near. The marriage law of these native races resembles that of many civilized nations in forbidding royalty to marry with those of lower degree on pain of ostracism. The husband chosen for the Princess Shawat was therefore of her own class—a chief, the ruler of the Tongass tribe. With him she lived in contentment for years. One day the tidings came of her sister's dangerous illness at the home on the banks of the Naas River. The distance was great, but she started for the bedside of her sick relative without delay. The errand of love as it proved, was a fruitless one, for her sister died while she was still on the way, and to crown all misfortunes she herself lost her life while crossing the river. Her frail canoe was upset in an eddy in the mighty flood of waters, and the princess was swept away and drowned, dying as the result of her brave attempt to reach the deathbed of one she loved. Her children and brothers gave a large sum of money to raise a monument to her memory. It was erected in front of the house where she had lived at Fort Tongass, and is the column which now stands in the public square of the City of Seattle.

This pole is not only a monument in honor of a brave woman, it is also the pictorial expression of a myth. The figures are not chosen at haphazard, nor are they arranged in arbitrary fashion. There is a principle underneath the work, a thought which gives unity to the entire composition. The attempt is made to represent in carving one of those extraordinary stories of the transformation of human beings into animals and vice-versa with which the folk-lore of less civilized peoples abound, legends such as those that were clothed in immortal verse





by the pen of Ovid for the Latin race, and which are cast into the form of wooden sculpture by the art of the races in question. Absurd and ridiculous as such stories appear to more cultivated minds, our estimate of their value should be governed, not by the standards of a more enlightened era, but by the mental stature and development of a much less advanced way of thinking about nature and man. The figures are six in number and read upward. They are the raven, the whale, the frog, the mink, the man, the raven again. The substance of the description by the original owner of the pole is to the following effect:

Once upon a time there was a town at Kivdokgo, where a chief and chieftainess were living a happy life. The wife proved unfaithful to her husband, and in order to escape from him she pretended to die. The fraud was detected, and her lover was slain. When their son arrived at man's estate he decided to make a journey to the sky, in order to marry the daughter of the chief of that region. He and a young friend clothed themselves with the skins of two woodpeckers, one red and the other black, and flew upward. The great chief of heaven always killed those who wanted to get married to his daughters, so they were told by inhabitants of villages passed during their flight. At this time the world was always dark, there was no daylight. After a long time they came to a hole in the sky, where was a fire going up and down. They flew through this, although the fire singed their feathers, and then laying aside the woodpecker skins they were transformed into sandpipers, were caught by the chief's daughters and carried into the house. The chief was indignant at finding them there and planned to roast them alive, but his cruel intention was frustrated by the cleverness of the young men. The chief then acknowledged them as his sons-in-law. The one who is hero of the story had a son who was dropped from the sky by his parents on to a spot near his grandfather's

home, where one of the slaves found him and brought him to the house, when the old man recognized him at once. The child was Nasaku Yethi, the head chief of the Raven clan. He is the male figure near the top of the Seattle totem pole. He ate so much and so constantly that at last he was deserted by his relatives and left to die, but was saved from starvation by an old woman who fed him with crab-apples. Afterwards he transformed himself into a raven—the first figure on the pole—and struck up a companionship with four young men in the guise of a squirrel, a crow, a robin and a blue jay, to whom was later joined a mink. They made up their minds to travel, and just then a whale—second figure on the pole—arrived. The whale took them in his mouth and went out to sea. The raven made a fire inside of him and began to cut the fat off the whale's heart, until he cut a little too deep and the whale died. After a long time the raven felt the dead whale bumping on the beach. Some people came and cut a hole in the whale's side, and the raven and mink came out shining all over, for they were oily. The mink went and rolled himself on rotten wood to dry himself. This is how he is brown and oily at the present day. He is the third figure on the pole. The place was Yakwan, a Haida village, where it is always dark, so the raven decided to get hold of a box in which the sun was kept by the chief. He married the chief's daughter and had a son by her. When the boy was partly grown he asked for the box, and the chief, who had a great love for his grandson, told the slaves to give it to him. The boy opened the box, took out the sun and rolled it on the floor, and ordered it to go out of the house and up to where it is now. It did so, and there has been light ever since. The boy changed himself into a raven and flew out of the house. He is the raven on the top of the totem pole. He soon eloped with the pretty daughter of the chief of a village at Kadokgo—the place of quick-





sand—and her name was Gadak. Her father was frantic over her loss. Four years went by, and late one evening the chief saw a frog coming into his house. The thought of his lost daughter at once came into his mind. The chief said to the frog, "Whose child are you?" The frog answered, "Gadak Gadak," mentioning the name of the missing girl. The chief knew then that he must be his grandson transformed into a frog. He bade him go forth and bring the mother and her husband. The frog went behind the house and jumped into a pond. Early the next morning the chief's lost daughter came into her father's house carrying a young frog in her arms, and behind her came a large frog. The chief spread a mat for them to sit on. But at last he became ashamed of the matter and ordered his people to kill the bull frog and the young one. The woman stayed with her father after that. She, in her frog form, is the figure remaining. This ends the story.

Such a story is the sheerest nonsense to us, but to the Indian imagination it was science and fairytaie in one. It represented his crude and amusing speculation about the world of animated nature in its relations to man.

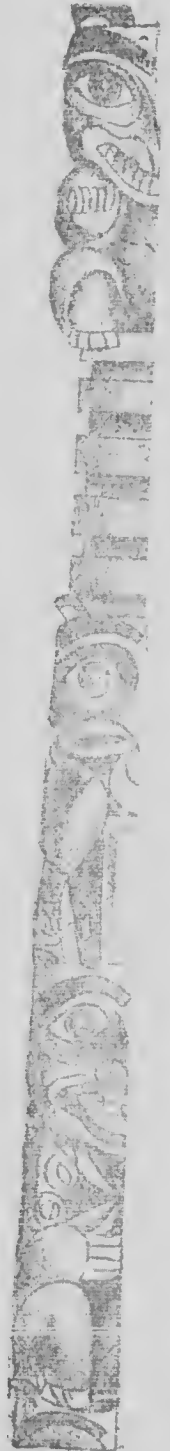
But are we to rest content with such ridiculous ideas? Has such a relic no deeper meaning than the native himself could read upon the surface? Surely it is incumbent upon us to gain some understanding of the larger interpretation of this column—the explanation of its connection with the whole life of this savage race. Scientific study has taught us that there is an intimate relation between the simplest and most primitive facts and the greatest beliefs of the human mind, making us realize the variety of life's expression of itself in forms of culture the most diverse, barbarous as well as civilized, and yet the essential unity of life's conception of itself under all these manifestations. Perhaps, then, a little thought and investigation may open up to us a vision of noble

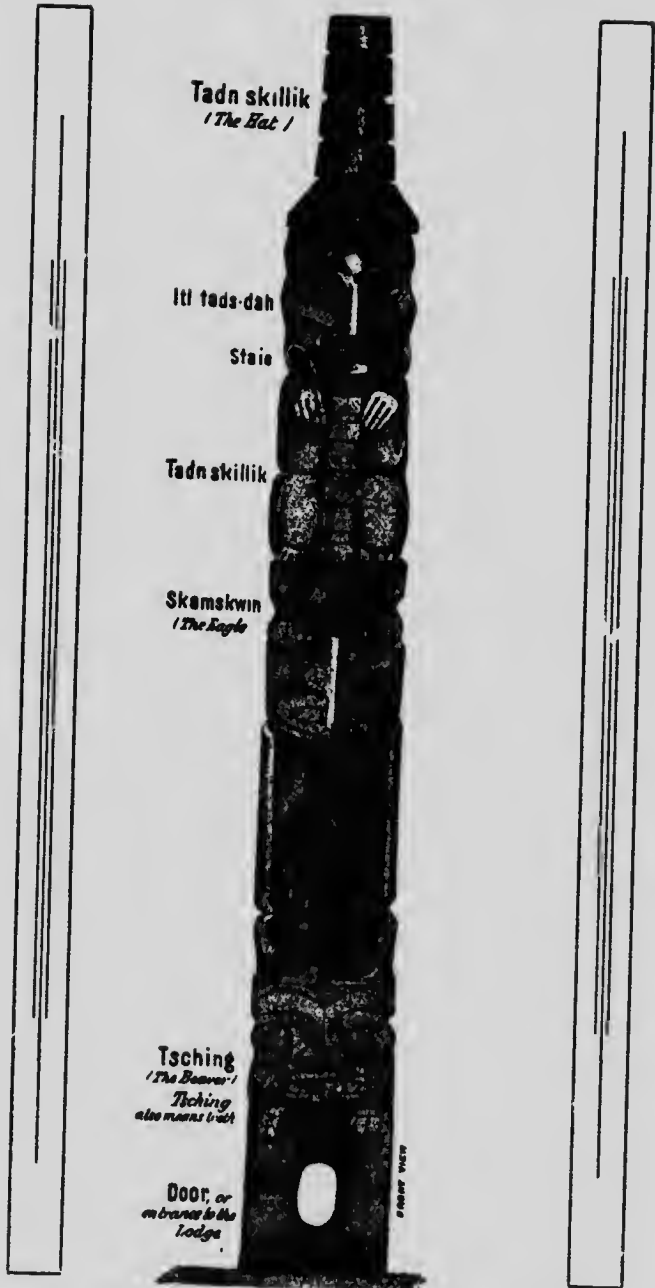
truth behind the apparent grotesquerie of a totem pole.

I. First of all, then, the totem pole is *an example of primitive art*. This is its simplest and most obvious value. It is an inferior grade of the same class as the bull sculptures of Nineveh, the scarabs of Egypt, the architecture of the Mayas and the homes of the cliff-dwellers. It belongs on a rather higher plane than the ivory carvings of the Eskimo, showing more both of skill and intelligence than they. To the artistic eye it appears a performance crude, but—when all things are taken into account—very wonderful. In technique, if not in subject and spirit, it falls not far below those specimens of Cypriote and Etruscan art now on exhibition in our great Metropolitan Museum.

The study of savage art is now reviving. Its re-birth is a part of that great movement towards the study of the manners and customs of the less developed races of mankind which has brought out so many points of relationship between civilized man and his inferior brethren. To treat such studies with contempt or ridicule is foolish; it is the index of a mind lacking in breadth of sympathy. Interesting as to the parent the first wing-beat of a child's thought, should be these relics of a race's first effort to express itself in form. Here we discern buds of art and language which among us have come to full blossom. The basketry, the pictograph, the totemic column, are the first flutters of intelligence and industry behind that mask of bronze which shields the Indian mind. The specimens which follow will illustrate the idea conveyed:

The untrained eye will find it difficult to distinguish between the figures carved upon these objects, but there are certain conventional signs, attention to which will soon enable one to pick out and identify each one by itself. It must be remembered that the bear, the beaver and the wolf are, as a rule, represented by emblems almost exactly alike





Tadn skillik
(The Hat)

Itl tads-dah

Staic

Tadn skillik

Skemskwin
(The Eagle)

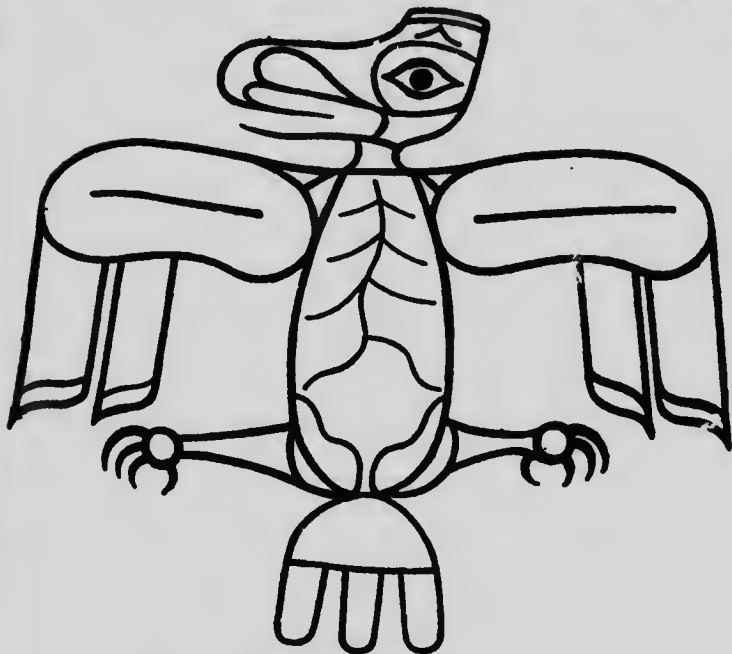
Tsching
(The Beaver)
Tsching
also means to eat

Door, or
entrance to the
lodge

SLATE TOTEM.

in general outline, but distinguished by certain minor points of difference. The *brown bear* is usually known by his protruding tongue; the *black bear* by his two regular

rows of teeth; the *beaver* by his corrugated tail or his two long front teeth. The *wolf* and *bear* look the same except that as a rule



THUNDER BIRD.

the former has one long tooth or tusk on each side of the jaw. The *whale-killer* is recognized by its huge dorsal fin; the *raven* by its sharp beak; the *eagle* by its curved beak; while most of the other figures are in their natural shape and can be easily recognized.

II. There is, however, a deeper meaning in such objects than their artistic significance. In every other stage of development, art is the expression of thought; it is the instrument through which the mind translates the wealth of its ideas and images into visible form. The totem pole also is no mere grotesquerie, but is full of the mythology and the groping thought of the race from which it comes. If we may state in one terse phrase what the totem pole seems to us most to mean from this standpoint, it is—INCIP-
IENT DARWINISM.

Everyone who has become at all familiar





with the manners and customs of the wild men of the woods and prairie must often have been led to reflect upon the strange practice prevailing among them under the name of totemism. It consists in the choice of some fish, bird or animal as the badge of the tribe or the crest of the clan, or family, or individual. The ceremonies attendant upon such a selection are most curious and interesting. Let us suppose, for example, that some young brave of the Haida race wishes to celebrate his coming of age in the tribe. He is first led before the shaman or medicine-man of the clan to which he belongs. From him he receives an enormous spoon filled with two quarts of fish or seal oil. This he must drink down. After the nauseous draught is finished, he is sent away for a fortnight's fasting in the solitude of the forest. He must need it, we should think. If the fast has been loyally kept, the first animal, fish, bird or reptile upon which his eyes fall at the end of the period prescribed is reckoned as his totem. Nor is it as a mere crest that he adopts it. He believes that there is a peculiar relationship between the creature and himself, manifested in a sort of treaty of peace and protection. He will not hunt or injure it in any way, and it is his faith that the animal will stand his friend under all circumstances, and be his blood-brother, like Mowgli in Kipling's *Jungle Book*. So deep-rooted are such convictions that hunters tracing up voices heard in the forests have discovered that the sounds came from an Indian in conversation with his totem—say, a bear—and that the animal's face, comically grave, seemed to show signs of understanding.

While the belief in totemism cannot be said to be universal, it is still very widespread among the inferior peoples of the world. Our keenest investigators have decided that it is rooted in two primary beliefs, both springing from an animistic idea of nature.

(1). Everything has a soul. Even the parts of the body, its limbs and various members possess their own separate and distinct spirits. This idea is made manifest in the peculiar practice of carving the eye—the emblem of spirit or intelligence—upon the wing of a bird or the beak of a fish in the pole or pictograph.

(2). A belief in the essential kinship between man and the created world beneath him. An Australian aborigine is said to have been traveling with a white sportsman, when the latter brought down a parroquet with his gun. The native rushed forward with tears streaming from his eyes, picked up the bird, and with every appearance of unfeigned grief, exclaimed, "What for you kill my father?" Another instance in point occurs in the tradition of a certain clan of the Sioux tribe of Indians, called the Crawfish clan. According to the clan's own legend, in ages gone by its ancestors were all crawfish, living in holes in the mud of a swamp. One day there came from a neighboring tribe, which had reached the stature and intelligence of humanity, a sweet singer who discoursed music so exquisite that the crawfish were attracted from their holes and ranged in a charmed circle around him. Stepping over them, he plastered up their holes and began to train them by his melodies into the upright posture and intelligent powers of man.

Is not this an Indian form of the idea in Shakespeare's version of the well-known Greek legend:

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music plants and flowers
Ever spring, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

The *orca*, or *whale-killer* (Figure 4, Plate 4), is supposed to be so closely identified with





BOTTOM FIGURE ON SEATTLE TOTEM, ILLUSTRATING EYE IN RAVEN'S WING.





THE ORCA, OR WHALE-KILLER.

human life that he can transform himself at any moment into the form of man. There is a story of some young Indians who were out seal hunting and who amused themselves by throwing stones from their canoe and hitting the fin of a killer who was following them. Soon the fish made for the shore and disappeared up the beach. A smoke was seen and when they landed they discovered to their surprise a large canoe. The Skana, or orca, had vanished, and there was a man cooking food instead. He rebuked them for throwing stones at his canoe, said they had broken it and it must be mended. When they had finished the repairs, he forbade them to look around during his departure until he gave them permission. They turned around at last and saw nothing but the whale-killer. In like fashion, the fisherman who catches a raven that has been stealing his bait or fish is apt to find him turned into a man. During some such transformation a young Indian is said to have taken a handful of filth and rubbed it in the raven's eyes, and in revenge for this indignity the raven and his friends, the crows, have ever since annoyed the Indians by soiling their canoes and eating up their fish.

Environment, of course, usually decides the kind of animals chosen as totems. Among the Indians of Southeastern Alaska, the chief selections are the raven, the wolf, the bear, the kingfisher, the orca, the eagle, the beaver and the frog. It is among these Indians that the art of carving such objects, and especially of grouping them together on the basis of some intelligent idea in the form of pillars or heraldic columns, has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere. Indeed, it is claimed that the only other race of savages in existence which carves totem poles is the Maori race of New Zealand, a fact which has led some scholars to argue that the Haidas are a boulder people, driven from that country by their conquerors at some distant point in the dark backward and abysm of time.





160 - INDIAN GRAVES AND TOTEMS, ALASKA.



SPECIMENS OF MORTUARY TOTEM POLES.



There are several kinds of totem poles, of which the chief are three—mortuary, historical, and commemorative. The mortuary consists of a bare, upright trunk of wood, surmounted by the crest of the chieftain to whose memory it is erected. Sometimes his ashes are also buried in a hollow dug out behind. These poles are almost or entirely destitute of figures carved upon the front.

The historical pole, as its name indicates, stands as a reminder of some event in the history of the tribe or clan, some conflict or experience which marks a new point of departure, as, for example, in the poles where the frog is portrayed in the beak of the raven, a representation of the famous battle between the raven clan and the frog clan, when the latter was utterly crushed by the former.

The commemorative pole is a memorial of some important feature of the life of the chieftain who erects it—such as his marriage, his victory over his enemies, or the source of his wealth. The writer has in his possession a small wooden example, carved with a beaver at the foot, a halibut in the center, and a man at the top, as an emblem of the fact that the owner had become rich by trading in halibut and beaver skins. Of this last class, the large column referred to at the beginning forms an interesting specimen. It is, as has been said, a monument erected in honor of an Indian princess who perished in her journey to the bedside of her dying sister.

A singular fact is the relationship held to exist between people of different tribes but of the same totem. Among the Tlingits, the group of Indian tribes dwelling along the coast from the boundary line northward to Yakutat Bay, two great totemic divisions, or phratries, exist—that of the Wolf and that of the Raven. Between members of these two classes marriage is absolutely prohib-

ited. No matter how close or how distant the ties of blood, such unions are accounted an indelible disgrace, and the contracting parties become outcasts. The cross-relationship thus introduced into Indian life sometimes creates situations of much interest and perplexity.

The ability to erect these poles implies prominence, as regards both wealth and position. They are the admirations of our copper-visaged brethren, and to have achieved rank and fortune adequate to their erection is one of the great ambitions of any career. Their cost is often very heavy. It is no uncommon thing for a chief to spend two or three thousand dollars upon a pole and upon the *potlatch*, or distribution of gifts, which forms one of its accompaniments. The rings sometimes carved on the *tadn-skillik* or hat at the summit of a pole give the number of potlatches given by the chief. To have given one, is distinction; but to have given several, is to have shown one's self a veritable Maecenas of the tribe; it is to have covered himself and his descendants with deathless fame. These potlatches are very interesting affairs. The writer has had the good fortune to study one of them as an eye-witness. It was held in the August of 1908 at Alert Bay, near the northernmost extremity of Vancouver Island. The Nimpkish Indians have their home at this spot, and were assembled for the purpose of celebrating the virtues and exploits of a chief who had just died. They presented a picturesque and lively spectacle as they sat around on the beach, the squaws in their scarlet blankets and the men in their gala apparel, the piles of gifts here and there, and the rows of totem poles in the background of the scene. A fine-looking Indian was standing in the centre delivering an oration, as we were informed by an interpreter, setting forth the mighty deeds of the departed chieftain. It was the daughter of the deceased, a young maiden of sixteen years, who was giving the potlatch as a





CHIEF SHANE'S TOTEM.

8



tribute to her father's memory, and certainly filial piety cannot be a virtue wanting to the Indian heart, for the expense was said to be in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars. It is no uncommon thing for an Indian to beggar himself by his potlatches, but he has no need to fear starvation, for every other member of the tribe is bound henceforth to support him as long as he lives.

Here, then, from this maze of forms—rude and hideous in our eyes—emerge the traditions, the folk-lore, the nursery tales, of a primitive people. Here our modern scientific doctrine of evolution shows itself in the rough effort to utter man's sense of kinship with the kingdoms of nature below him. And here also is the symbol of a brotherhood of man apart from ties of blood or race, educating those who profess it into a broader sympathy and a larger view of human interests. Here circles of human existence, otherwise barbarian to each other, come into contact and learn their essential kinship.

When next we glance at this pillar, so grotesque and yet so significant in its line of braided sculptures, let ridicule be tempered with respect. Let the civilized man dismiss his disdain as he remembers the ideas for which it dimly stands, ideas all-powerful among us in this twentieth century—*Art, Nature, Evolution, Fraternity.*





